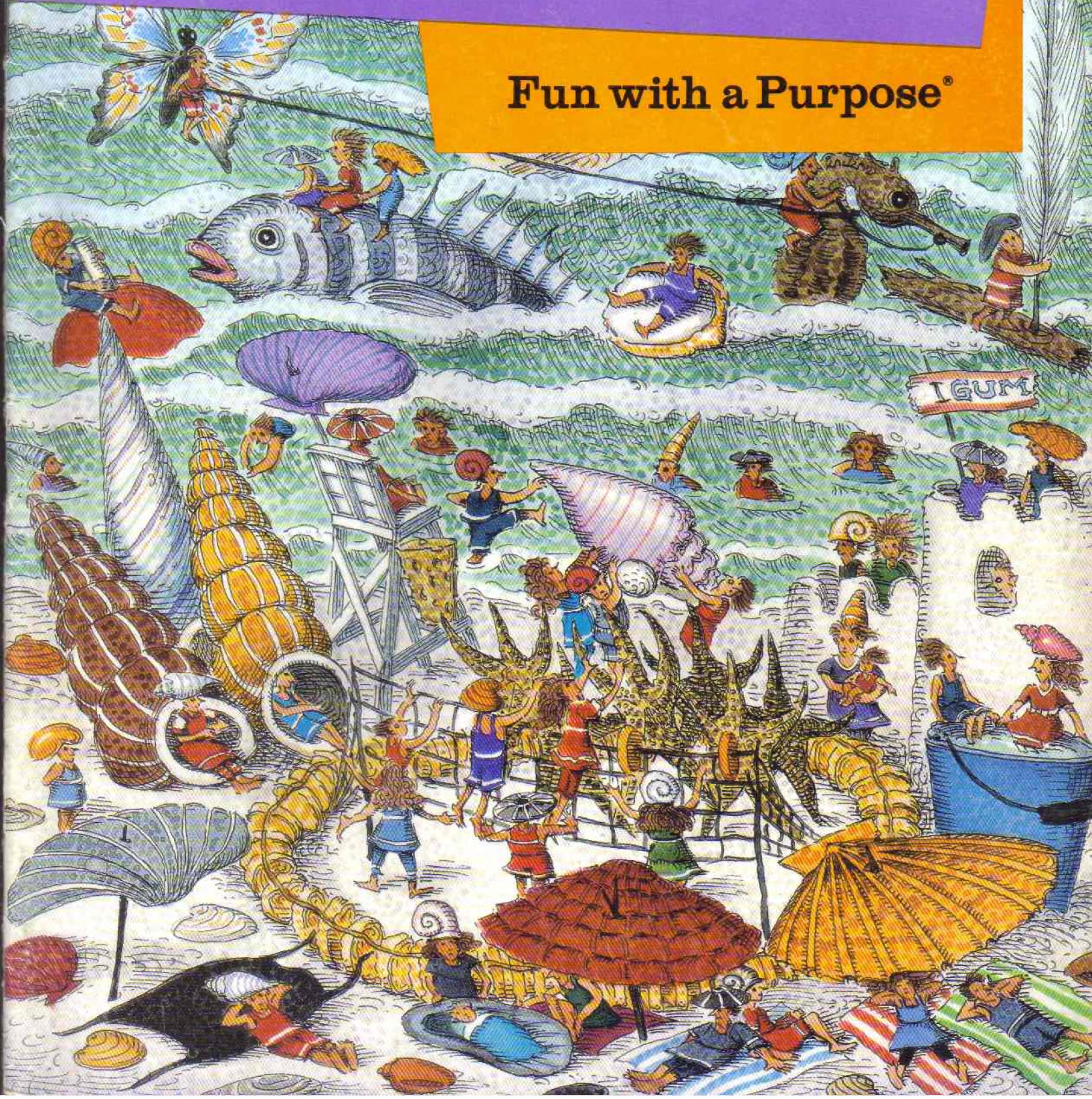


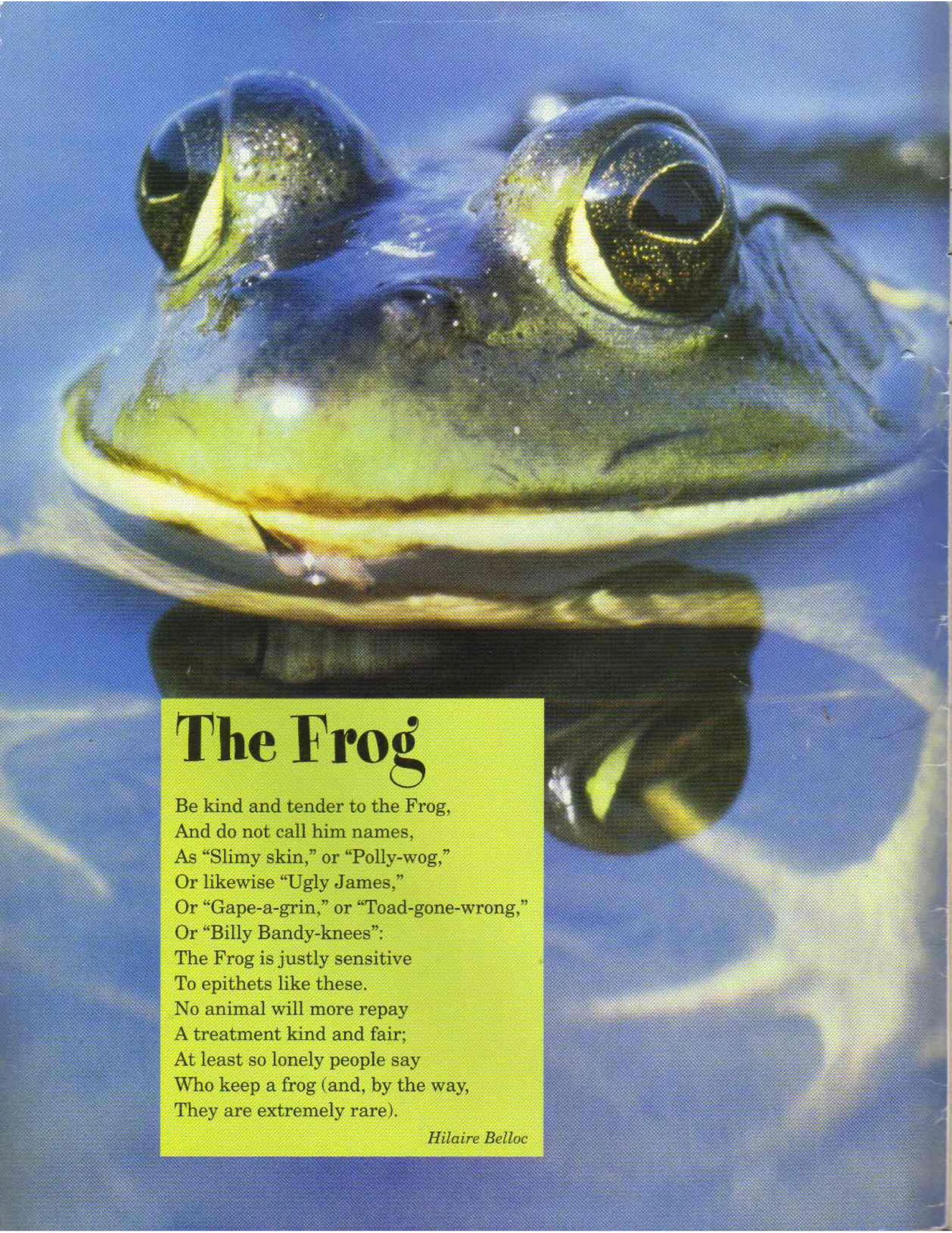
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AUGUST 1995

for Children

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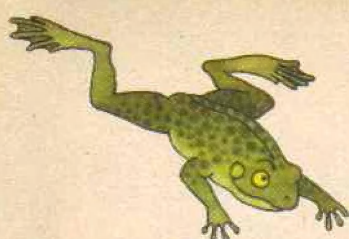




The Frog

Be kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As "Slimy skin," or "Polly-wog,"
Or likewise "Ugly James,"
Or "Gape-a-grin," or "Toad-gone-wrong,"
Or "Billy Bandy-knees":
The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.
No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair;
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a frog (and, by the way,
They are extremely rare).

Hilaire Belloc



Find me!

Highlights for Children

AUGUST 1995

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"Got to make it." Page 16

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in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness,
in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others,
in high ideals, and worthy ways of living—
for children are the world's most important people.*

From the Editor

This month's HIGHLIGHTS is full of things that say "summer." Camp, swimming, ice cream, baseball—these are some of the items in our August fare.

Just about every family has summer rituals—things they do year after year. I got to know a family with a very special tradition when I visited Fairbanks, Alaska, this spring.

Valerie Cline, her sisters, Janet and Kelley, and her brother, Kenny, go each summer to their fish camp on the Yukon River. There they help their parents and other relatives fish for salmon, which they smoke to preserve for the long winter. Valerie and her sisters and brother have fun, but they work hard, too. Last year they helped catch and preserve more than one hundred king salmon that four families will share. The families' Athabaskan Indian forebears have been catching and preserving salmon each summer for as long as they have been in Alaska.

There are special treats on the river, too. Wonderful berries grow along the riverbanks. The youngsters pick and eat lots of them. Berry time is the signal that soon the family will return to Fairbanks and a new school year.

There's no chance for ice cream in the fish camp, but later, at home, Valerie's mother will make a special dish. Valerie and I ate some together. It was my first fish ice cream.

Kent

Kent L. Brown Jr., Editor

AWARDS *Highlights for Children* has been given awards by the Educational Press Association of America, Freedoms Foundation, Graphic Arts Association, Magazine Design and Production, National Association for Gifted Children, National Conference of Christians and Jews, National Safety Council, Printing Industry Association.



Covers: Beach Scene and What's Wrong? by John O'Brien

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ORDER INFORMATION

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN (ISSN 0018-165X), incorporating *Children's Activities*®, is published monthly (index in December issue). Single issues (current or back copies) \$3.95. Subscription Prices: 1-year (12 issues) \$2.17 per issue and 3-year (36 issues) \$1.67 per issue. Add shipping and handling, \$5 per year for Canada and \$10 per year for other foreign. To order, make check payable to HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN and send to Highlights for Children, P.O. Box 182167, Columbus, Ohio 43218-2167.

AUGUST 1995 • VOLUME 50 • NUMBER 8 • ISSUE NO. 526

**Founded in 1946 by Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.,
and Caroline Clark Myers**

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Editorial Offices: 803 Church Street, Honesdale, PA 18431-1895. Contributors are invited to send original work of high quality—stories, articles, craft ideas. Editorial requirements on request.

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Printed since 1957 by Quebecor Printing (formerly Arcata Graphics/Baird Ward), Clarksville, TN USA. Special non-glare paper manufactured since 1968 by Kimberly-Clark Corporation, Coosa Pines, Alabama.

Available in microform from University Microfilms Inc., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Abstracted and indexed in *Primary Search* and *Magazine Article Summaries*.

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The Bird of Many Songs

Long ago, when the world was new, all the birds of the Earth had brightly colored feathers. When they spread their wings against the cloudless sky, they were like rainbows. When they made their nests on the ground, they were like a carpet of flowers.

One bird, however, was not so beautiful. He had been asleep, hidden in the branches of a tree, when the colorful feathers were given to the other birds. He woke up to find that he alone had a coat of dull, drab gray. It made him very sad.

The Wind Spirit was sorry to see that the bird had been missed. To make up for this mistake, the Wind Spirit gave him a magic necklace to wear. Each bead of the necklace was for a different song. The bird tried the beads, one after the other, and was pleased to hear the music that filled the air.

Soon the other birds stopped admiring their reflections in the rivers and streams and hurried to

A Navajo Story

Retold by Alice Putnam

listen. They tried to sing, too, but the only sound that came from their throats was an ugly, rasping noise. The creatures of the woods covered their ears and ran as far from the noise as they could.

"Share your song beads with us," the birds begged. "You have more than you will ever use."

The plain gray bird did not want to be selfish. He wanted the others to think well of him. So he gave a bead to each one who asked for it. Before he realized what he had done, he had given away every bead on his necklace.

Now he had no songs and no bright feathers either. Once again he was sad. He hid his head under his wing.

The other birds noticed his

silence and stopped their singing. "What can we do to help him?" they asked one another.

"We must give him back his beads," said the robin.

"Oh, no!" protested the warbler, who was especially proud of her own sweet melody. The rest of the birds agreed with her.

"Well, if you are not willing to do that, then each of us should share a small part of our beads with him," the robin insisted.

So that is what they did. The gray bird put together all the pieces they gave him and made another necklace for himself. Now he could sing a little bit of every bird's song. And that is why he is called the mockingbird.

The Navajo word for mockingbird is zahalánii (zah-ha-lunnie), which means "many voices." If a Navajo medicine man wants to sing well, he is given some pollen that has been sprinkled on the throat of a mockingbird.



Girl: How are you different from each other?

Frog: I have smooth, wet skin, and my strong back legs make me a great jumper and swimmer. I have to be fast. I live close to the water, where there are lots of animals that try to eat me.

Toad: Living on dry land is dangerous, too. But my dark, bumpy skin helps me hide, and it has stuff that makes me taste so bad that no one wants to eat me. Isn't that clever?

Jokes

Seller: "I've owned this car for seven years and never had a wreck."

Customer: "I think you mean you've owned this wreck for seven years and never had a car."

Barry Sears, Indiana

Cindy: "Can you carry a tune?"

Rock star: "Of course."

Cindy: "Then please carry the one you were singing out to the backyard and bury it."

Brooke Bonnette, Georgia

Father: "What's wrong, son?"

Eddie: "I lost my cat."

Father: "Don't cry. We'll put an ad in the paper."

Eddie: "That won't help. The cat can't read."

Krystal Dulaney, Texas

Teacher: "Pat, please use the word 'handsome' in a sentence."

Pat: "Please hand some candy to me."

Willow Quinn, Virginia

Ken: "I'm glad I wasn't born in France."

Debbie: "Why?"

Ken: "I don't speak French."

Kevin Farina, Pennsylvania

Problem: Your dog chewed up your favorite book.

Solution: Take the words right out of his mouth.

Jennifer Pacurar, Oregon

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to:

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Safety First

Which of these safety checks do you and your family do?

- check to see if the smoke detectors in your home are working
- agree on a spot outside to meet one another in case of a fire in your house
- plan how you would leave the house from each room if fire blocked a hall or stairway
- conduct a family fire drill
- talk about what to do in an emergency

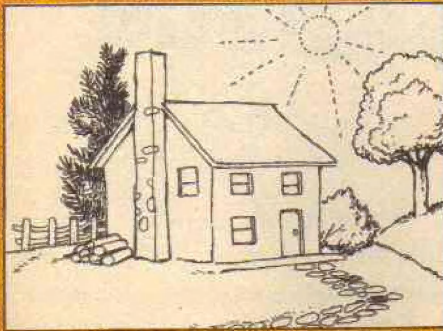
Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?

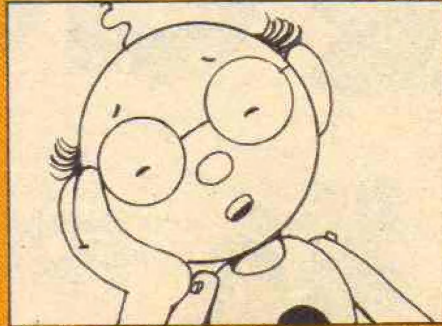


THE TIMBERTOES

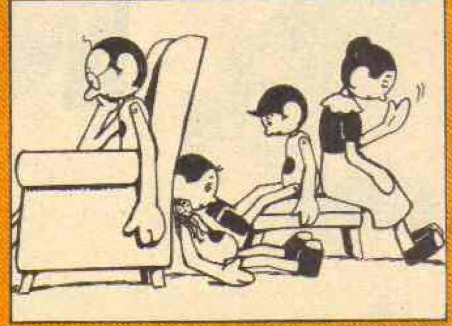
By Sidney Quinn



It was a hot day.



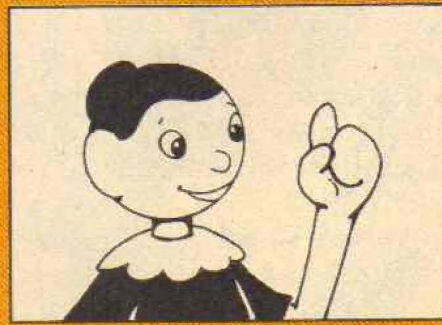
"I'm too hot to move."



"Me, too."



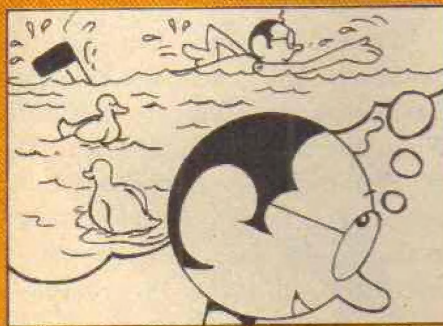
Even Spot would not play.



"Let's think of something cool."



Ma thought of showers.



Pa thought of swimming.



Mabel thought of cool breezes.



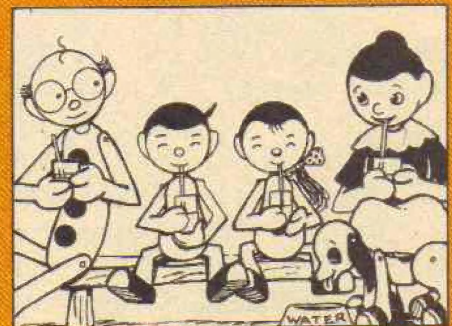
Tommy thought hard.



Ice-cold lemonade?



What a good thought!



Now everyone was cool.



The Cold Facts About Ice Cream

By Kristin Martelle

The sun beat down on the lawn of Mount Vernon on a summer day. Women dressed in layers of petticoats sought shade beneath a nearby tree. Their host, George Washington, soon appeared, holding the grand finale to the afternoon picnic: pewter pots heaped high with pink and white ice cream. But people had been enjoying chilly treats long before that warm day in 1790.



The first evidence of any kind of frozen confection is from Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C. Legend has it that this mighty leader enjoyed icy drinks. Once, he even had thirty trenches filled with snow to chill drinks for ladies' refreshment.



Roman emperors savored wines, fruit pulps, and juices flavored with honey and chilled with ice and snow. Nero Claudius Caesar, who reigned from A.D. 54 to 68, demanded that these "ices" be served regularly at royal feasts. But retrieving snow and ice from the faraway Alps was a challenge. Strategies to keep the ice from melting were planned months in advance, and relay runners raced across hundreds of miles to get their loads of ice to Rome. They had good reason to be quick—legend has it that once, when the snow melted before it reached Nero's table, the emperor executed the general-in-command.

While the Romans were busy carrying all that ice from the mountains, ancient Chinese, Indian, Persian, and Arabian banquet-goers were enjoying similar concoctions of fragrant fruit juices mixed with ice. When Marco Polo returned to Europe from his famous explorations of China in 1295, he told of exotic kings who savored these strange frozen delicacies. To prove his stories were true, he produced recipes. By the year 1500, cream had been added to the recipes, and Italian nobility couldn't get enough "cream ice."

"Cream ice" was brought to France in 1533 with the help of Catherine de Médicis of Italy. When she married King Henry II of France, she installed her personal chefs and dessert makers in the royal palace. For more than one hundred years the recipes were a closely guarded secret.





Even royalty couldn't keep a secret like ice cream, and by the 1700s everyone was clamoring for a taste of the dessert. Cafes specializing in such exotic ice-cream flavors as macaroon and rum sprang up all over Europe. In 1794 even the great composer Beethoven noticed the ice-cream craze in Vienna, Austria. He wrote, "It is very warm here. The Viennese are afraid it will soon be impossible to have any ice cream, for . . . ice is rare."



When was America first treated to a taste of ice cream? The year is a mystery. However, William Black, a dinner guest of Governor Bladen of Maryland, provides a clue. In 1744 he wrote, "We had a dessert no less curious . . . some fine ice cream, which, with the strawberries and milk, eat most deliciously."

Some of our most famous presidents have gotten their licks in, too. Thomas Jefferson once returned from a trip to France with an eighteen-step recipe for ice cream. He added fresh figs from his own yard for flavor. George Washington enjoyed the frosty dessert so much that, during the summer of 1790, he ran up an ice-cream bill of 51 English pounds—almost \$2,200 in today's money!

President Washington must have relished a dinner invitation from Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the first secretary of the treasury. She held elegant parties where "pyramids of red and white ice cream with rose and cinnamon" were the center of attention. A few years later, First Lady Dolly Madison created a national sensation when she served "a large shining dome of pink ice cream" at James Madison's inaugural ball in 1812.



Few regular citizens ever tasted ice cream, for it was an elite treat only the wealthy could afford. But two inventions eventually scooped ice cream out of the hands of the wealthy and plopped it into the lives of ordinary people: the refrigerator, invented in 1803; and the first hand-cranked ice-cream freezer, made in 1846. Ice-cream shops immediately spread across the country, and soon ice cream was available daily. What once was the food of kings and presidents could now be enjoyed by all.

In the days when ice-cream parlors were popular, ice cream had a language all its own.

A bowl of mud—a dish of chocolate ice cream

In the hay—a strawberry shake

A mystery—a sundae

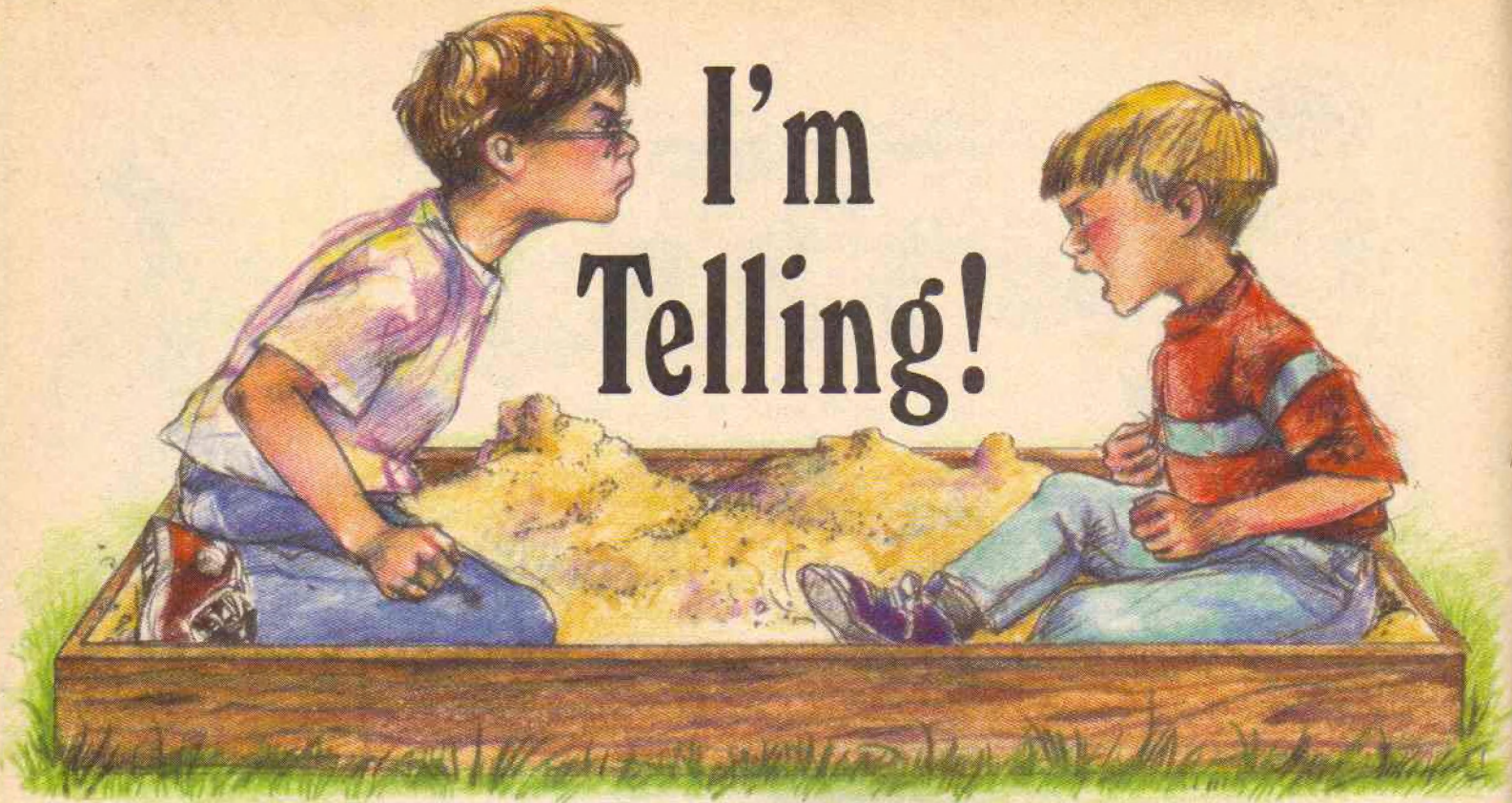
Twist it, choke it, and make it cackle—a chocolate malt with an egg

Houseboat—banana split

Pink stick—strawberry ice cream



I'm Telling!



By Connie Nordhielm Wooldridge

It took Justin and his little brother, Matt, a whole hour to make their sand fort.

Then Matt put his foot in the wrong place.

Justin reached for Matt's foot and fell right on top of the fort.

"Look what you did with your foot!" yelled Justin.

"Look what YOU did with your whole self!" yelled Matt.

There was nothing but a heap of sand where the fort used to be.

"I'm telling!" said Matt.

"So am I!" said Justin.

They ran to the front porch, where Mother was reading a book. Mother loved to read mystery books. She talked to the people in her books as she read.

"Don't open that door!" she said to

her book people as Justin and Matt marched up the porch steps.

"Matt stepped on our fort and ruined it!" Justin said.

"Justin fell on our fort and ruined it more!" Matt said.

"Boys, my book people are in big trouble," said Mother. "Why don't you sit down while I see what happens? Then I will take care of your fight."

Justin and Matt sat on two chairs and glared at each other. They were as mad as two hornets.

Mother glided back and forth on the porch swing. She read and read.

The swing creaked.

The flies buzzed.

And Justin's leg itched. "Are your book people out of trouble yet?" he asked Mother.

"No," she said. "They are in worse trouble than ever."

Mother read some more.
The swing creaked.
The breeze blew.
Justin thought of ways to get even
with Matt.

"No! Not that!" Mother said to her
book people.

"Are they out of trouble yet?" asked
Justin.

"No, not yet," answered Mother. She
turned a page.

Justin looked at Matt and pretended
to be one of Mother's book people in
trouble. He grabbed his throat with
both hands. Then he stuck out his
tongue and looked cross-eyed.

Matt giggled.

"One more page and they will be out
of trouble," said Mother.

Justin had an idea.

"We could pretend the pile of sand
from our fort is a mountain!" he said
to Matt.

"And we could race cars down the
side of it!" said Matt.

"Now THAT's using your head!" said
Mother to her book people.

She glanced up at Justin and Matt.

"Just a few more sentences," she
said. "Then I will take care of your
fight."

Her eyes flew across the pages of her
book again.

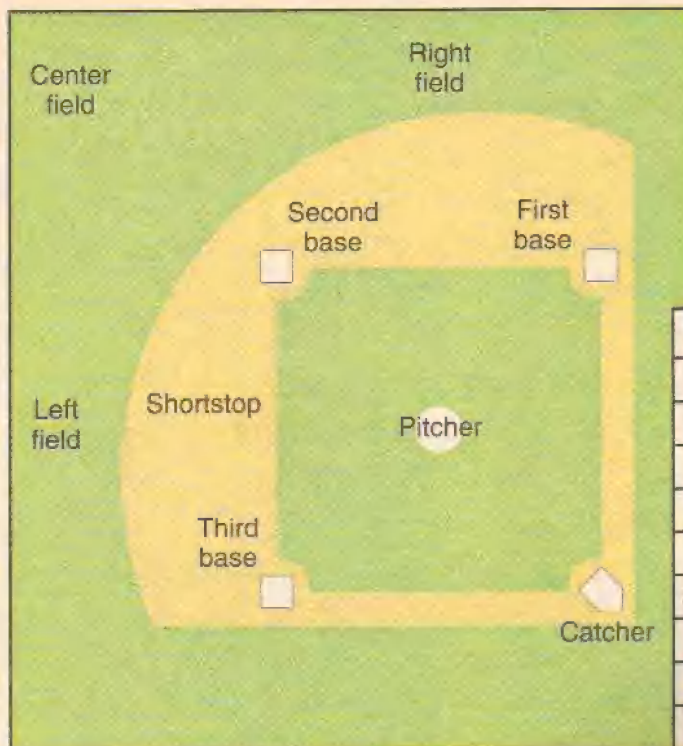
"I think we took care of it ourselves,"
said Justin. "Didn't we, Matt?"

"Yep," said Matt.

"Hurray!" said Mother, snapping her
book shut. "I just knew everything
would come out all right!" But when
she looked for Justin and Matt she
couldn't find them.

They were back in the sandbox
racing cars down their mountain.





Who's on First?

Coach Homer is figuring out the lineup for the Badgers' next baseball game. So far, he has filled in five of the nine positions. He still has to fill in the positions for Frank, Jordan, Dawn, and Tasha. Use the following clues to help Homer finish the lineup. (Some of the clues are just for fun.)

BADGERS' LINEUP

Eric	Center field
Nicole	Third base
?	Right field
Kyle	Catcher
?	First base
Serena	Pitcher
?	Second base
?	Shortstop
Craig	Left field

1. Dawn and Nicole will be on the same side of the infield.
2. Jordan will not play the outfield.
3. Tasha forgot to bring her favorite bat.
4. Frank's name and position begin with the same letter.
5. The right fielder has a trombone lesson after the game.

Answers on page 39.

How do you know when it's time to wake up?

How do you remind yourself to do your homework?

How do you decide which book to check out of the library?

How do you tell a pet how you feel about it?

How do you act differently with your friends than with your family?



Do animals ever feel jealous?
Get hurt? Steal?

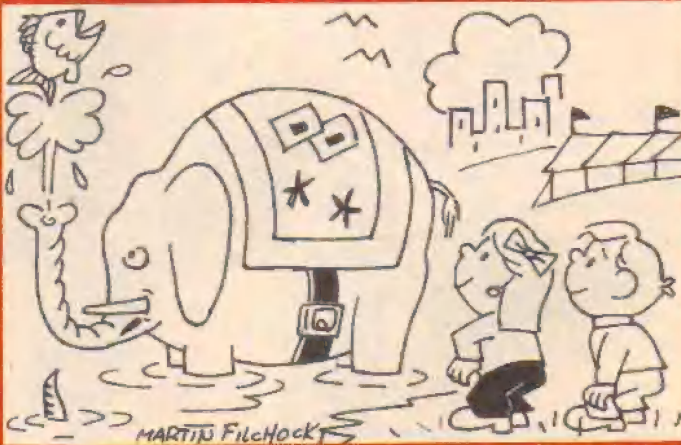
Are they punished by their parents?
Do they fight with one another?

Do they have to put their toys away?
Do they make up stories from their heads?

Check ...



and Double Check



There are at least thirteen differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?

Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Senior Science Editor



Lightning? Go Indoors

Is it true that you should not stand under a tree in a lightning storm?

Emily McCombs, Oklahoma

The idea is correct. You should not do that.

In a thunderstorm, the rapid movement of water droplets leads to a big electric charge in a cloud. When lightning strikes the earth, that big electric charge is trying to get to the ground. The wet wood of a tree carries electricity a lot better than the air around it does. So lightning often strikes trees or other things that stick up high above the ground.

That's why you don't want to be close to a tree, flagpole, metal tower, or any other tall object in a thunderstorm. Some experts say that if you can't find shelter in or near a building or in a car, go to a low area of ground and stay as dry and comfortable as you can until the danger is past.

Freckles

Where do freckles come from?

Lindsay Joy Blais, Massachusetts

I am sure you have noticed that people differ a lot in the color of their skin. The differences are caused by the amount of one pigment, melanin. Melanin helps protect the skin from the harmful effects of the ultraviolet rays in sunlight. Most of the melanin is carried in special cells called melanocytes.

In people with light-colored

skin, exposure to sunlight causes an increase in the production of melanin to give what we call a suntan. Some people with very light-colored skin have their melanocytes arranged in tiny patches. So when their skin is exposed to sunlight, the little patches show up as freckles. Freckles won't rub off, but they often get less noticeable as the person grows older.

If you have freckles, your skin needs extra protection from sunlight, such as sunblock or a hat.

Tricky Candles

Why and how do trick candles light up again and again?

Shannon Carson, New Jersey

Trick candles work the way you said. I got some. I think they work because of special stuff used in making their wicks.

Usually the wick of a candle is made out of something like heavy cotton string. When the candle is lit, this string really doesn't burn very much. It's there to soak up some of the puddle of hot wax at the top of the candle. The candle flame is really this hot wax, rising from the wick as a burning gas. You can easily put out a candle by blowing the gas, or vapor, away from the wick. The wick cools off quickly.

In a trick candle, some flammable chemicals have been added that make the wick work almost like the fuse of a firecracker. After you've blown out the flame, the wick keeps burning and lights the wax vapor again to start a new flame.

Sweet Job

How do bees make honey?

Katrina Silcox, Tennessee

You may have seen honeybees buzzing around flowers. If you watch them without getting too close, you will see them crawl right down into a flower. They are searching for a few drops of the sweet nectar, or sugar water, that the flower makes.

The bee will carry a load of nectar from a lot of flowers back to the hive. Then the bees will use their wings to move a little draft of air to evaporate most of the water. What's left is honey.



Hidden Pictures

Old-Time Picnic



In this big picture find the cup, key, slice of cake, pancake turner, fishhook, toothbrush, ladle, bell, flashlight, eyeglasses, musical note, and cupcake.

Can you find these
Hidden Pictures
on page 14?



cup



eyeglasses



slice of cake



musical note



bell



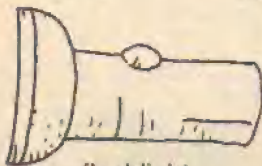
cupcake



fishhook



ladle



flashlight



toothbrush



pancake turner

Which are exaggerations?

Our picnic was great, but there were flies everywhere!

Waves as high as mountains crashed against the cliffs.

An eagle can fly faster than a person can run.

There must have been a million people in the parade.

My room is full of stuffed animals.

Brett got sick because he wasn't getting enough of the right vitamins.

The king never does anything wrong.

Some children learn to read before they enter school.

I would rather eat ice cream than do anything else in the world.

No one can turn a cartwheel as well as Liza.

Double Take

Spot the matching
plates of spaghetti.



Answer on page 39.

"And then what happened?"

In each scene, what might
happen next?



By Grant Stephen Baker

Marcos inhaled deeply as a slight breeze rippled the half-shaded lake. He flicked the hair out of his eyes and squinted across the water at the float.

He was running out of time. This was the last day of camp, and tomorrow his parents would be here to take him home.

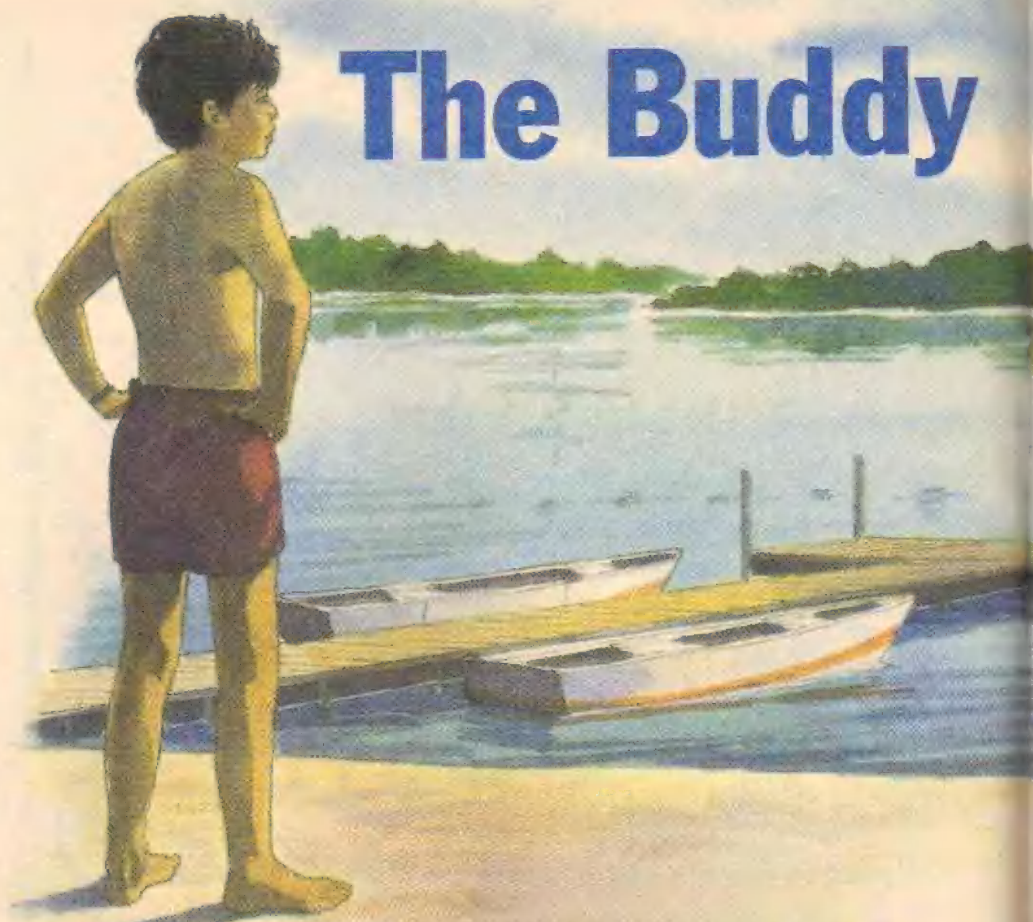
Marcos liked challenges, and the float had been on his mind ever since his arrival at camp. He was sure he could swim to it, but so far the camp's strict "buddy system" had kept him from attempting the swim. Marcos had not been able to find anyone who would row a boat beside him while he swam, least of all his assigned "buddy," Spider, who had spent most of the week reading comic books.

Marcos glanced back at the dining hall, where everyone, including Spider, was eating dinner. A movie would be shown after the meal. That would give Marcos plenty of time to make a secret swim. It was his last chance, and he wasn't about to let some wimpy rule stand in his way.

He stripped down to his swimming trunks, leaving his shorts, shirt, and shoes under a bush, and entered the water.

The sandy bottom tapered gradually for a short distance, then dropped sharply. When the water was waist-deep, Marcos plunged forward, heading directly for the float. Piece of cake, he thought. Easy! He kicked and stroked smoothly past the buoys that marked the perimeter of the swimming area.

Marcos had expected the swim to take about ten minutes. Ten minutes out, a short rest at the



The Buddy

This was his last chance to swim. He wasn't going to let a wimpy rule stand in his way.

float, and ten minutes to swim back. He glanced at his waterproof watch. Wow! Eight minutes had passed, and the float was still in the distance. He looked back at the beach. It was closer than the float. Marcos thought for a second about heading back, but that was out of the question. "Piece of cake," he told himself again, and pushed on.

When he checked his watch again, another five minutes had gone by. The float was closer. He could see the distinct red, white, and blue lines that were painted around it. But Marcos was getting dizzy, and his muscles were sending messages of pain. Every stroke was a struggle.

"Got to make it," he mumbled.

"Got to make it!"

With what seemed like the last of his strength, Marcos finally reached the ladder and pulled himself onto the float.

He looked back across the lake. The beach didn't look very far away. But he had made it to the float by the narrowest of margins. What was worse, he had to make it back. And if he rested too long, his absence might be discovered, and some angry counselors would row out to pick him up. He'd rather drown than have to go through that.

To calm his nerves Marcos began talking to himself. "I made it out here, and I can make it back!" he said. "If I take it easy, pace myself, and vary my swimming styles, I can do it!" He

System



looked at his watch. He might as well get started.

The plan worked well at first. Backstroke, sidestroke, breaststroke, crawl: Marcos alternated strokes to keep from getting overtired. But he was already fatigued from swimming out to the float.

Soon Marcos could not sustain

any particular stroke. He was just dragging himself through the water, slowly moving toward land any way that he could.

"Try to touch bottom," he told himself. But he couldn't reach it! More strokes. "Try again!" But still no bottom.

Marcos pushed back his panic. He would just rest on his back,

**Every stroke was a struggle.
"Got to make it," Marcos said.**



floating until he had the strength to go on. That's what he would do. Suddenly he heard a boat. Then he heard Spider's yell. "We've got you, buddy!" Spider said.

Later, as Marcos lay on his bunk with his face to the wall, he felt his ears burn with anger. Spider's explanation was making him feel worse.

"I only got the counselors involved when I could see you weren't going to make it," Spider said. "I watched your whole swim. I was cheering for you!"

"Why didn't you mind your own business?" Marcos demanded. "I would have made it. I was nearly in!"

Spider shook his head slowly. "You were one hundred yards out when we picked you up, and you weren't even moving toward shore. You shouldn't have tried it without a buddy. You know the rule."

"It's a wimp rule," Marcos said. "I don't live by wimp rules."

"I'm sorry you're upset," Spider said, "but I'm not sorry I called the counselors. Maybe it will cost me a friendship, but my friend is still alive."

Spider walked across the squeaky floor to his own cot. Marcos lay still, his anger cooling one degree at a time. Finally he let himself relive the swim. "One hundred yards," he told himself. "One hundred yards, and I was barely treading water. . . ."

Marcos got up and walked to Spider's cot. Spider was reading a comic book. He looked up.

"Thanks, Spider," Marcos said, extending his hand. "You did the right thing."

Spider stood up and shook Marcos's hand. "That's what a buddy's for," he said.



Clive's Dilemma

A six-foot-two, 220-pound deli owner named Clive is having a bad day. A shipment of pastrami is late, only one of the scales works, and his assistant called in sick today.

Besides all that, two customers are standing in front of the counter, arguing about who should be waited on next. Clive was busy taking care of other orders and

didn't notice which customer came in first—the one who wants two pounds of smoked turkey breast or the one who is ordering a half-pound of vegetable-rennet muenster cheese.

Clive looks at one customer, then at the other. He looks at the muenster cheese, at the turkey breast, and finally at his scale. Then he makes his decision.

What does Clive weigh?

Answer on page 39.

Goofus and Gallant



Goofus doesn't pay attention to signs.



"We can't take the shortcut anymore."



Goofus and his friends block the sidewalk.



Gallant and his friends make room for others to pass.

Thinking

- What would be exciting about these different trips? What might call for patience in each one?
- Where would you like to spend time? Why?
- What preparations would you have to make for each trip so that you could get the most out of it?
- On which of these trips might you take a pet dog? A pet cat? A horse? A hamster? What other animals might you see on each trip?

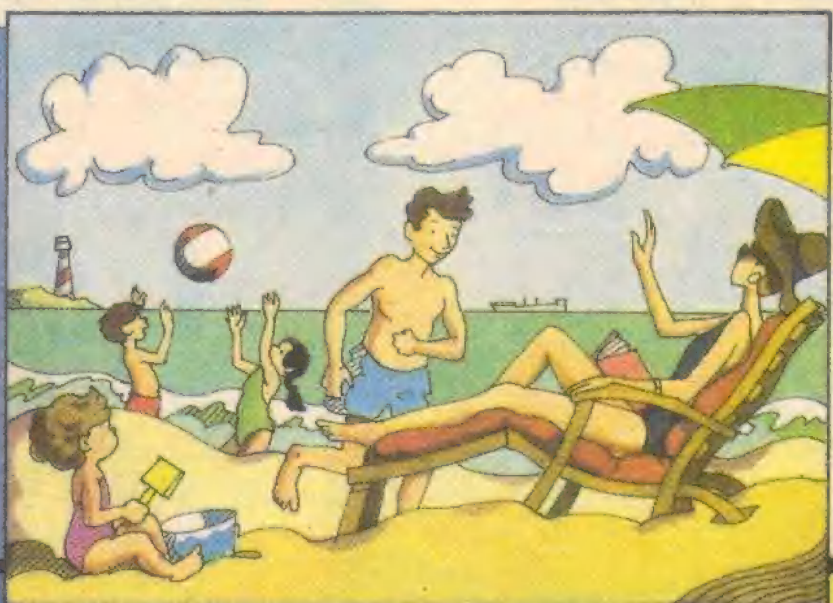
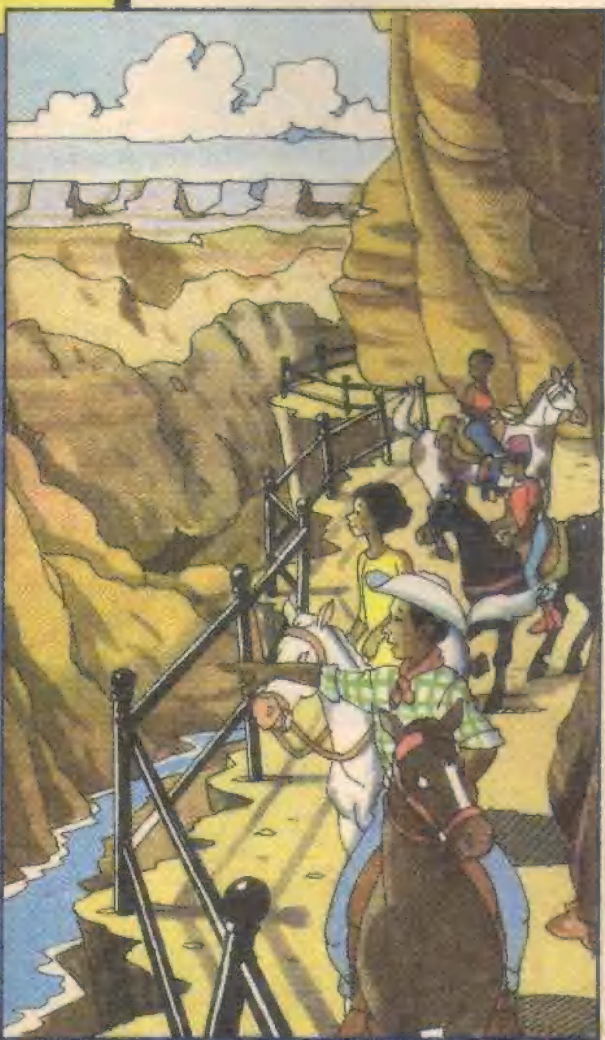


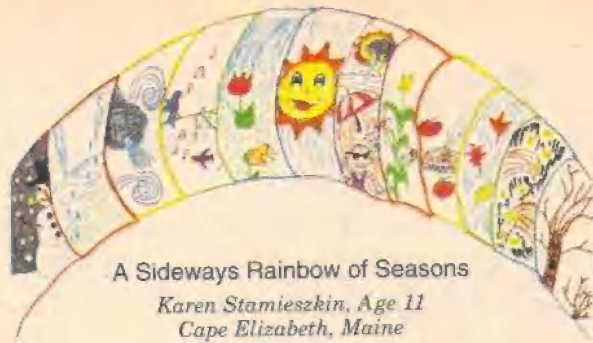
ILLUSTRATION JOB DONE!

Remember when we asked you to illustrate the poem "The Months" back in the February 1995 issue of HIGHLIGHTS? Well, here are some of the pictures you sent, and they are terrific! We only wish we could print them all. Thank you again for a job well done. We hope you had fun!

The Months

January cold desolate;
February all dripping wet;
March wind ranges;
April changes;
Birds sing in tune
To flowers of May,
And sunny June
Brings longest day;
In scorched July
The storm-clouds fly
Lightning-torn
August bears corn.
September fruit;
In rough October
Earth must disrobe her;
Stars fall and shoot
In keen November;
And night is long
And cold is strong
In bleak December.

Christina Rossetti



A Sideways Rainbow of Seasons
Karen Stamieszkin, Age 11
Cape Elizabeth, Maine



Yancy and Friends Enjoy the Year
Michael Thompson, Age 10
North Fort Myers, Florida



A Day at the Pool in June
Erin Hall, Age 8
Pittsboro, Indiana



Liz Hughes, Age 12
Oregon City, Oregon



Shooting Stars in Keen November
Maeve Rogers, Age 10
Houston, Texas



Paul Baxter, Age 8
New Orleans, Louisiana



"September Fruit"
Serena White, Age 7
Shearwater, Nova Scotia



Sima Sosnowik, Age 6
Baltimore, Maryland



August

Joel Leshar, Age 9
Duncannon, Pennsylvania



Nicholas DeMeo, Age 7
Farmingville, New York



"August Bears Corn"
Scott Bjorkman, Age 9
Coeur D'Alene, Idaho



Snowy Winter

Michael Ben-Simhon, Age 6
Brooklyn, New York



"Birds Sing in Tune to Flowers of May"

Kirsten Speer, Age 12
Richmond Hill, Ontario



February

Vasilios Mitroostas, Age 9
West Yarmouth, Massachusetts



"Rough October,
Keen November"

Katie Vane, Age 4
Amanda Vane, Age 2
Aurora, Colorado

Birds and Flowers in May

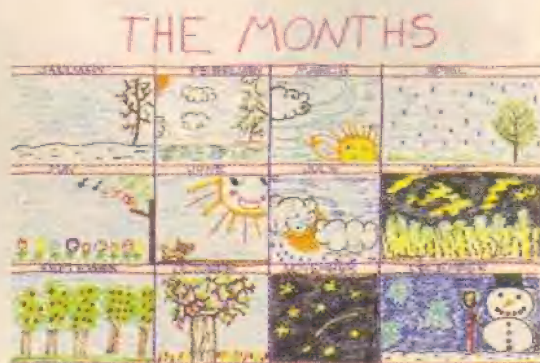
Claudia Adragna, Age 5
Brampton, Ontario



Billy Wichterman, Age 13
Abington, Pennsylvania




Ashley Jones, Age 6
High Point, North Carolina



Jessi Taylor, Age 13
Laughlin, Nevada



Transformations
Mary Testen, Age 11
St. Paul, Minnesota



Wildebeests on the Move

In the rainy season, life returns to the African plain.

By George and Lory Frame

The Serengeti Plain was dry and lifeless on this November day. Only small clouds of dust moved, as the wind swirled them around into dust devils and sent them skimming over the brown stubble of dead grass. Soon the rainy season would begin, and this enormous nature reserve would be overrun with some of Africa's most fascinating animals. But how long would we have to wait for rain?

We were prepared for waiting. We had packed our large truck with food, water, and clothing to last the two of us more than a week. When we study animals in the wild, this Land Rover is our home away from home.

Through a layer of dust on our windshield, we scanned the plain with binoculars. Thunderheads of moisture were building in the sky. Finally, *plunk!* The first drop of water hit the windshield and scattered the dust. *Plunk, plunk, plunk-plunk-plunk!* Raindrops pummeled the ground, sending thousands of little puffs of dust into the air.

Soon the rain poured down, thunder rumbled, and bolts of

lightning struck the plain. We know the danger of lightning on the plain. We sat in the truck, hugging our knees, careful not to touch any metal. Outside, puddles formed over the ground, grew larger, and connected with one another. As suddenly as the storm began, it ended, and the life-giving water sank into the soil. This downpour was just the first of many rains that would fall in this season.

Four days later we knelt on the bare, damp plain. Tiny points of green were sprouting among the remains of last year's dead grass. The return of life was starting.

We made many safaris such as this one over the next few months. By January the bare brown plain

had vanished. It was hidden under a lush carpet of brilliant green grass and herbs. Next came the herbivores—the creatures that eat the plants. One night we went to sleep in our truck all alone. When we woke up, more than fifty thousand wildebeests, or gnus, were grunting, clopping, and swishing their tails as they grazed past us. It was Wildebeest Time. The migrating herds had arrived!

The Serengeti migration has been going on for thousands of years. This annual journey takes many animals onto the short-grass Serengeti Plain in the wet season and back into the woodlands during the dry season.

Why do they move back and

Hyenas (below) and lions (below right) move onto the plains to prey on plant eaters such as wildebeests.





African wild dogs chase wildebeests.



forth? Most scientists believe that the herbivores move onto the plain in the rainy season because the grass there is more nutritious. But the grass grows only when it rains. When the rains end, the animals must move back into the woodlands, where the coarser grass is less nutritious and probably less tasty. The woodlands do not dry out as much as the plain does, so animals can

find something to eat there.

How do wildebeests "know" that their favorite grass is starting to grow and that it is time to migrate to the plains? As the birth season approaches, mothers might sense their need for better food as they notice far-off storms. Scientists have seen wildebeests move toward storms a hundred miles away.

In addition to wildebeests, many other animals journey onto the Serengeti Plain. As we drove past, dainty gazelles snorted in alarm and stamped their little hooves. Zebras brayed and ran away for a short distance. They looked over their shoulders at us. Topis and hartebeests, elands and buffalo—movement and noise were everywhere.



We saw a newborn wildebeest. Every January and February, 250,000 such calves are born here. What a good time and place! The plain has both grass to eat and pools of rainwater loaded with minerals dissolved from the soil. The newborn's mother drank. She needed the minerals for her milk.

The little calf struggled to its feet in just four minutes. It had its first drink of milk as we watched. Twenty minutes later the calf wobbled along next to its mother as she moved deeper into the herd, out of sight.

Suddenly the herd began to stampede. Zebras barked in alarm, gazelles leaped over one another in panic, and we felt the vibrations of thousands of pounding hooves running away. The predators were here.

African wild dogs were chasing the wildebeests. We climbed on top of the truck and watched through binoculars until they disappeared from sight.

For a few beautiful months each year, the Serengeti Plain has everything: grass, herbivores, and carnivores (meat eaters). The wildebeests come to eat the grass, and the carnivores come to eat the wildebeests.

Wildebeest Time came and went. The rains slackened, then ceased. Near the end of May, the grass stopped growing, and the herbivores ran out of food. Long thin lines of wildebeests and zebras grazed past our truck, migrating westward toward the hazy, faraway treeline on the horizon, toward Lake Victoria. When the herbivores departed, the meat eaters followed.

By July the plain was silent and still except for the dust devils skimming over the brown, dead stubble. The plain waited for the rains, and for Wildebeest Time.

NATURE WATCH

From The Roger Tory Peterson Institute

Did You Know? Chipmunks, also called ground squirrels, are among the smallest members of the squirrel family. In addition to seeds and nuts, they eat fruits, mushrooms, insects, snails, bulbs of plants, birds' eggs, and sometimes even other small mammals. Most animals have to move from place to place to find enough to eat. But chipmunks may live their whole lives no more than a hundred feet from where they were born because of this varied diet and their habit of storing food in their underground homes, or burrows.

Try This: Find out where chipmunks live in your area, and watch them. Keep a notebook of your observations, and try to see what they eat. Set out a tray of foods you think they might like, then sit quietly about ten giant steps away to see if they accept any of your offerings.

Chipmunks use big pouches in their cheeks to carry food until they can store it.



Chipmunks

Which usually takes longer?

- to learn to ride a bicycle or to ride a bicycle eight blocks?
- to write a letter or to read one?
- to snap a photograph or to have it developed into a print?
- to carve a wooden whistle or to use it?
- to get a cut or to have the cut heal?
- to walk a certain distance forward or to walk it backward?

Mirror, Mirror

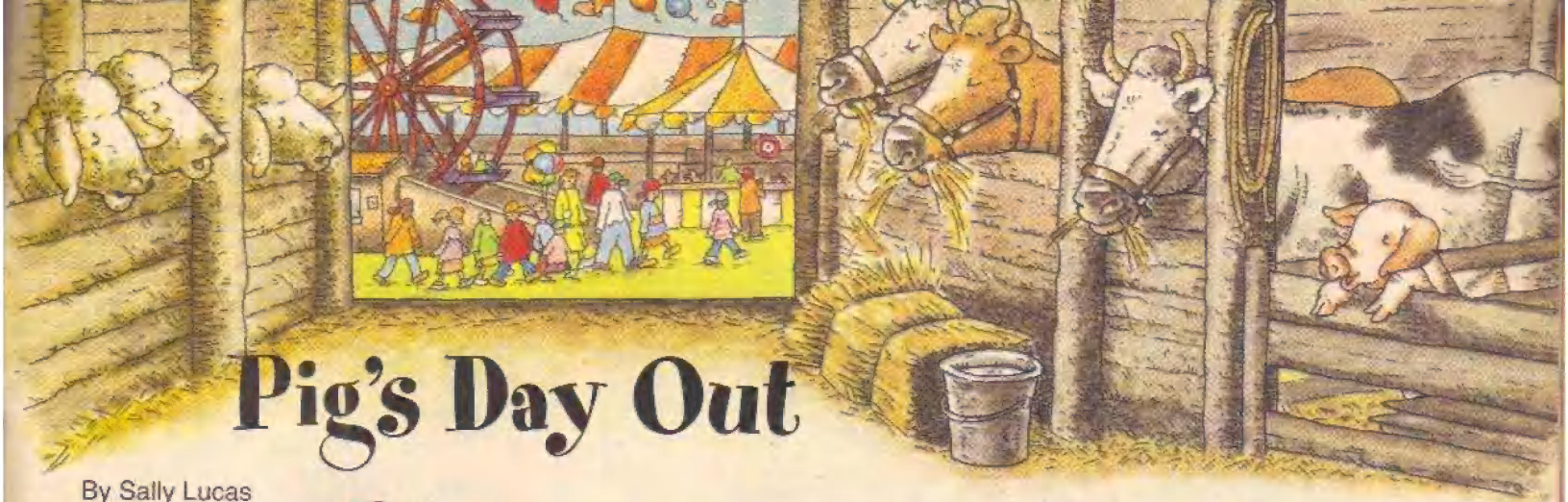
Stand facing a friend, about a foot away from each other. Decide who will be the mirror and who will be the person standing in front of it. The object of the game is for the mirror to match the person's movements as closely as possible.

The "person" holds up his or her hands as if holding them against a pane of glass or a wall. The "mirror" holds up his or her hands a few inches away, in the same position.

The person and the mirror look directly at each other's eyes. As the person moves a leg, hand, or arm very slowly to one side, the mirror imitates the movement. See how









well the mirror can follow the movements. Gradually speed them up. Then switch places and play the game again.










Pig's Day Out


By Sally Lucas



The little  pig sat sadly in her  pen. "I want to see more of the  fair," she said. "All I can see in this  barn is  cows and  sheep."

The little  pig slipped through a  hole in her  pen. She ran past  cows munching on  corn. She ran past  sheep napping on  straw.

"I don't want to eat  corn or nap on  straw," said the little  pig. "I want to see more of the  fair."

The little  pig ran out of the  barn and right into a big cage. The cage began to move. Up, up it went, with the little  pig inside.

"Now I can see more of the  fair," she cried.

The little  pig smiled as she looked down from the top of the  Ferris wheel.



Vincent van Gogh



Vincent van Gogh, *The Starry Night* (1889)

The Starry Night

Vincent van Gogh was filled with lonely feelings and endless creative energy. *The Starry Night* shows how his troubled spirit and brilliant mind revealed themselves in his painting.

By Kelly Milner Halls

“He was always in pain, always full of kindness and enthusiasm,” wrote the Dutch artist Vincent van Gogh to his brother Theo. “As though he were already living in a different world from ours.”

Vincent was referring to another artist when he wrote

these words, but he could have been writing about himself. Although he is now considered one of the greatest artists ever, Vincent was misunderstood in his own time. In fact, he sold only one of his paintings during his life and depended on Theo for support.

In Vincent’s time, it was popular for artists to paint landscapes outdoors in order to be

“true to the facts.” Vincent himself spent much of his time wandering around the French countryside, painting wheat fields, flowers, bridges, and houses. However, in *The Starry Night*, Vincent tried to tell us not only what he saw on that night in 1889 but also how the moment made him *feel*.


“I would like to paint a star-spangled sky,” he wrote to Theo. “But how can I manage unless I make up my mind to work from imagination?”

So Vincent painted *The Starry Night* indoors. He used thick layers of paint and vivid colors to make his night sky more than a flat black background with dots of white paint. Stars are painted as shimmering bursts of yellow energy. They seem to be blown by the same night wind that curls Vincent’s billowing clouds. He created this effect by using brush strokes that are rough and dramatic, handling his brush almost like a sword.

Below, on Earth, Vincent’s colors seem to fade against the brilliant night sky. Only a dim yellow light shines from the homes and churches beneath the blanket of night. The curves of the uninhabited hillsides and the tall, twisting cypress tree imitate the round, flowing strokes that make up the sky and stars.

Some people think that Vincent created such a dark, mysterious painting because he was depressed. Others claim that he must have suffered from poor eyesight to paint his stars so strangely. Today, people are just grateful that he followed his own personal vision.

“How rich art is,” wrote Vincent to his brother. “If you can only remember what you have seen, you are never without food for thought or truly lonely.”



A Surprise for Nosy Bear

Bear was just about to try out the new seat cushion when he heard Woodchuck outside.

"Is that vanilla ice cream?" asked Bear, nosing into Woodchuck's shopping bag.

"No! It's wrinkle cream!" blurted Woodchuck, smearing vanilla ice cream all over his face.

Later that day, Bear's friends called a meeting. "Something has to be done about Bear," said Squirrel.

Woodchuck grinned. "If only, we could make Bear think it was winter, he would go to sleep. Then we could plan his party in peace."

Continued on next page

By Eileen Spinelli

It was August first, the day before Bear's birthday.

Bear's friends were planning a surprise party.

But there was one problem.

Bear!

He liked to nose around.

"Is that punch for a party?" Bear asked, nosing around Squirrel's kitchen.

"No!" snapped Squirrel, pouring the punch over her head. "It's my new pink shampoo."

"Is that somebody's birthday cake?" Bear asked, nosing around Rabbit's dining room.

"No," grumbled Rabbit, setting the cake on a chair. "It's a seat cushion."





Continued from page 27

"Winter in August?" exclaimed Rabbit.

"It's always winter somewhere in the world," said Woodchuck. "Why not here?"

Squirrel brightened. "We could use fans and ice cubes."

"Soap flakes for snow!" cried Woodchuck.

Rabbit got into the spirit of things. "I can hang my blue star-patterned quilt at Bear's window."

Bear's friends set to work.

Soon fans were blowing up a breeze behind the pine trees.

Sitting in his house, Bear felt the chill. He went to the door and almost slipped on the ice cubes on his doorstep.

That's when Woodchuck began pouring soap flakes into the fans. Instant blizzard.

Bear scratched his head. "Snow?"

In August?" he said.

Then he remembered the birthday cards on his mantle. One was from Bear's friend Koala in Australia. On the bottom of the card Koala had written: "We are having a cold winter."

The other card was from Bear's cousin Polar Bear, up North. Polar Bear had enclosed a photo of his family romping in the snow.

If it was winter in some parts of the world, maybe it could be winter here, thought Bear. And if it was winter, it must be his bedtime.

He went into his bedroom. It was dark, with stars shining in. Bear brushed his teeth, pulled on his red flannel pajamas, and climbed into bed. Soon he was snoring gently.

Squirrel had been watching through a crack in the wall. "Bear's asleep," she whispered. "Let's get to work."

All that day, while Bear slept, his friends worked. They hung balloons,





wrapped presents, and popped corn. They set the table, made punch, and decorated the cake. And when they were finished, they went to bed, too.

August second arrived sunny and bright.

Rabbit knocked at Bear's door. No answer.

He stepped inside. "Wake up, Sleepy-head," he said.

SNORE, SNORE, SNORE, went Bear.

"Let me try," said Squirrel. She did a tap dance on Bear's belly.

SNORE, SNORE, SNORE, went Bear.

Woodchuck poured a pitcher of cold water over Bear's head.

GLUMP, GLUMP, GLUMP, SNORE, went Bear.

"I have an idea," said Squirrel. "Bear wakes up in spring."

Rabbit screeched. "Oh, no! Now we have to make spring!"

"I'll ask Robin to sing at Bear's window," said Woodchuck.

"I'll cut some daffodils out of

yellow paper," said Squirrel.

Woodchuck got his watering can. "I'll sprinkle rain on Bear's roof."

Rabbit got into the spirit of things. "I'll hide colored eggs in the grass."

Bear's friends set to work.

Robin sang.

Daffodils bloomed.

April showered.

Slowly, Bear opened his eyes.

He stretched.

He yawned.

He climbed out of bed.

Stepping outside, he saw a flash of color. "Eggs!" he exclaimed, nosing around in the grass. The first egg he found had writing on it. It said: "Come to Squirrel's."

So Bear nosed on down to Squirrel's house. He opened Squirrel's door.

"SURPRISE!" yelled Bear's friends. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"

It was a wonderful party.

And after that, Bear tried not to be so nosy—especially just before his birthday.



So Much Ahead

So much ahead of me
 So much ahead of you
 So much ahead to see
 So much ahead to do

 So much ahead to listen
 So much ahead to talk
 So much ahead to think
 So much ahead to walk

 So much ahead to learn
 So much ahead to teach
 So much ahead to find
 So much ahead to reach

 So much ahead to write
 So much ahead to rhyme
 So much ahead to read
 But very little time!

Zena Spektor, Age 12
 Brooklyn, New York



Hockey Player

Jason Woods, Age 7
 Lansing, Michigan



God's Special Creation

Maira Lopez, Age 11
 Wichita, Kansas



The People

Jared Vigneault, Age 10
 Holyoke, Massachusetts

Excitement

Excitement is the color of violet blue.
 It sounds like children yelling.
 It tastes like home-cooked soup.
 And it smells like hot dogs at a carnival.
 Excitement looks like the light of morning.
 It makes me feel awesome.

Justin Wilcox, Age 10
 Soddy-Daisy, Tennessee

When I Grow Up There Are a Lot of Things I Can Be

When I grow up there are a lot of things I can be.
 I can be a policeman or sail the sea.
 I can be a fireman and put out fires.
 I can work at a service station and pump up tires.
 I can be a waiter and serve food,
 Or a rock-and-roller and dress like a cool dude.
 I can work at a huge shopping mall,
 Or be a star playing baseball.
 On TV I can be an actor,
 Or work on a farm and drive a tractor.
 I can be a teacher at a school,
 Or be a lifeguard and work at a swimming pool.
 No matter what I decide to be,
 I'll always be me.

Kolby Jackson, Age 7
 Warrior, Alabama

Our Own Pages

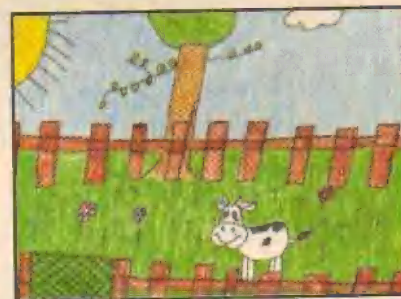


Joanna Froehlich, Age 6
 Fresno, California

Imagination

Where red, pink, blue, yellow, and
 green are swirling around,
 Where daring knights in armor fight
 evil dragons,
 Where ballerinas dance and jump,
 Where people go to different planets,
 Where people swim with sharks and
 dolphins—
 In my imagination world there would be
 a better world.
 There would be a better world for you
 and me!

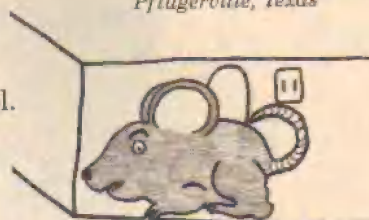
George Brandley, Age 9
 Summit, New Jersey



Loren Landry, Age 9
 Denham Springs, Louisiana

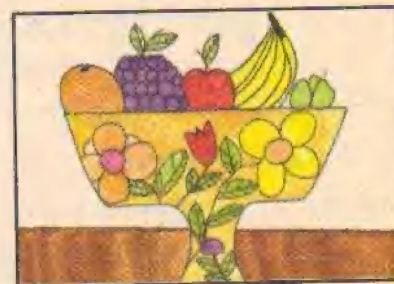
One white flower swaying side to side.
 One white flower in a golden meadow.
 One white flower all alone.
 One white flower being raised up from the ground.
 One white flower put into a vase.
 One white flower with a new best friend.

Annalee Valdez, Age 8
 Pflugerville, Texas



Mouse in the House

Joseph Chang, Age 8
 Santa Barbara, California



Elizabeth Danet, Age 13
 St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands

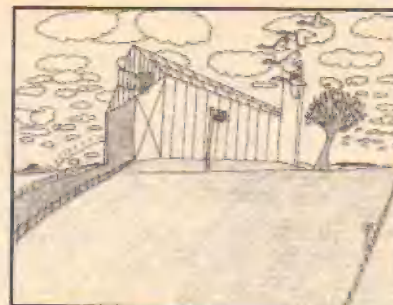


Jessica Bonar, Age 9
Ada, Oklahoma

My Cat

My cat is really lazy. Her schedule is sleep, eat, go outside for a little bit, and sleep again. The reason she sleeps so much is because at night she is outside for a long time and jumps on the roof and meows in my mom's window. Her name is Christine. She is a smoky gray. She is really funny when she plays with string.

Jessica Peloquin, Age 7
Fall River, Massachusetts



Nathan Kotterman, Age 11
Peru, Indiana

Life Is a B-Ball Game

Life is like a basketball game,
taking another step each minute,
trying to aim in the
right direction.
Trying to get that goal
that helps you win
your pride.
And nobody knows when it's over
or who will win
till the end.

Kourtney Kemp, Age 12
Plentywood, Montana



Snow White

Alexandra Yarborough, Age 5
Charlotte, North Carolina



I'm Going to Norfolk

Zachery Friend, Age 7
Dayton, Kentucky

I am a slug,
I go real slow.
I have no legs,
So I go real low.

I am very sticky,
But who could know?
If you pick me up,
I'll slime you—like so!
Yecch!

Jeremy Lutat, Age 5
Sedalia, Missouri



Abraham Walikainen, Age 6
Yorktown, Virginia

Gliding
on air through
valleys of gold
and discovering
something grand.
The land where
all men are free,
no violence or
destruction.
Just a world
full of
peace.

Hector Morataya, Age 11
Kissimmee, Florida

Saturday Morning Song

When the daylight shines
as beautiful as rain,
the air smells as good as flowers.
I sit on the front porch swing
just hearing the bluebird singing
as bright as day,
as pretty as night.
I sit all alone
while the moonlight shines,
and look at the stars.
I love the little birds
that sing good night to each other
while I sit all alone
just hearing all these things
and seeing all these things.

Lindy Nance, Age 5
Arlington, Texas



Amanda Ellis, Age 8
Randolph, Vermont

Underwater Flips

I absolutely love swimming. I can do flips underwater! Water seems to float over me while I fly gracefully. I seem to have no water resistance! I could almost go to sleep while floating underwater. I hear a sound like someone continuously pouring water from one bucket to another. I put my hands on the bottom of the pool, flip again, and pop up to the surface.

Underwater flips seem to take forever, but they only take about 30 seconds.

Sheila Jenne, Age 8
Seattle, Washington



The Vase

Caroline Guo, Age 6
Duluth, Georgia

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or picture to Our Own Pages? Be sure that you made it up all by yourself, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. All artwork should be on plain white paper, not lined paper. Artwork can be in color or black and white. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.



Now to explore!

Aliens

By Teresa Bateman

Gail quietly opened the door and tiptoed past her parents' cabin. Everyone else was asleep, but she was ready for action.

Their spaceship had landed on this planet the day before, but none of the travelers had gone outside yet. All tests indicated that it was safe outside, but the grown-ups needed to "organize" things.

After six months of travel, Gail was tired of waiting. She wanted to see what this planet was like.

Silently she slipped into the nearest airlock, grabbing a mini-field generator from a shelf. The door to the outside slowly opened with a hiss.

Gail's eyes widened. Everything was green! Bits of other colors

were appearing as the rising sun hit them. It was strange and beautiful, but also frightening. Gail turned back to the ship.

The ship had disappeared.

Gail gasped, then giggled as she remembered. The ship wasn't really gone. Its field generator was casting an illusion, making the ship appear to be a pile of stones.

Gail looked at the mini-field generator in her hand, checking the illusions that it could create: tree, rock, log, shrub. What was a "shrub?" She clicked the button. Suddenly everything looked fuzzy. The disguise must be working. If she were to meet any aliens, they would only see an innocent shrub, whatever that was.

Now to explore!

Gail slid down the hill, then

stepped onto the soft green stuff. This must be "grass," she thought, and those were "flowers" and "trees." Her teacher had been right! She lay down on the grass and rolled around, laughing.

Gail heard a gurgling sound. She held her breath. The sound came from near the trees. Was it alive? Was it dangerous? She stood up and stepped cautiously toward the trees.

Suddenly Gail's feet felt cold, and they sank into the ground. She yelped, pulled free, and looked around. She was near what her teacher had called a "stream." The slimy stuff must be "mud."

Gail knelt in the mud and scooped some into her hand. It squished delightfully between her

fingers. She forgot about the time passing as she played, caught up in the "goosh" of the mud and the gurgling of the stream.

Finally Gail noticed that the sun was getting higher in the sky. It was late. She'd better get back before anyone missed her.

Gail stood up and wiped her muddy hands on her spacesuit. She'd have to get that suit into the laundry before her parents caught sight of it.

She turned, and that's when she saw it—a fuzzy green blob. It might have been a small tree except for one thing—it moved. In fact, it had just taken a step toward her.

"Alien!" Gail screamed.

"Alien!" the alien screamed.

Gail ran for the ship.

The green blob ran after her.

Gail ran faster, leaping over clumps of grass. The thing was getting closer!

Gail ran harder, gasping for breath. She vowed that she would never disobey again if she could only make it back to the ship.

As they neared the pile of stones that hid the spaceship, the green fuzzy thing veered to the left. Maybe the alien had poor eyesight. Gail hoped so as she ran through the field generator's illusion and came up against the airlock door. She yanked on the handle, looking over her shoulder as she stepped inside.

The alien was gone.

Gail slammed the door shut and twisted the handle, then slid down against the metal wall.

"I saw an alien!" she said. "And I can't tell anybody because I wasn't supposed to be outside."

She turned off her mini-field generator. The "shrub" illusion hadn't worked very well, since the alien obviously had noticed her.

Air hissed, and finally the inner door clicked open. Gail put the mini-field generator away and quickly walked down the hallway. She had to get back to her cabin before anyone saw her.

Then Gail heard footsteps. She looked down, seeing the muddy handprints and grass stains on her spacesuit, then raised her chin and continued toward the approaching sound.

She rounded a curve in the corridor, and her eyes widened.

Before her stood a boy about her age with green streaks on his spacesuit and mud all over his shoes. They stared at each other, then grinned.

"Shrub?" the boy asked.

Gail nodded.

"Me, too," he said.

They both began to laugh.

"We'd better get back," the boy said. "If we don't get cleaned up, we'll never be allowed out with the others this afternoon."

This afternoon? Gail smiled. Things were looking up!

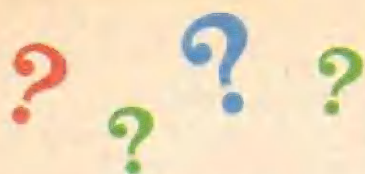
"Want to be partners?" the boy asked.

"Sure," Gail agreed. "Maybe we could look for . . ."

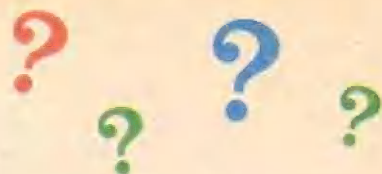
"ALIENS!"

The thing was getting closer!





Headwork



Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.

Which is bigger, a house or a bird?

Make a sound like the wind blowing. Can you make a sound like the sun shining?

When you kick something, do you use your toe or your heel?



Why can't mother rabbits read bedtime stories to their bunnies?

Does it hurt more when you get cut or when your hair gets cut? Why?

Is a drop of water round or square when it is falling?

What things can make people sneeze?

Which is safer to pick up with bare hands, a pair of scissors or a piece of broken glass?

When Jolene's father came home from work, he said, "I can tell you were at the beach today." How could he have known that?

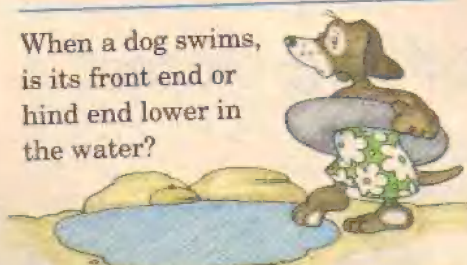
Why are people more likely to be stung by bees during the day than at night?



Are eggs broken open before they are scrambled? Before they are boiled? Before they are fried?

Which would work best to clean up a puddle of water on the floor, a pair of jeans, sheets of notebook paper, or paper napkins?

When a dog swims, is its front end or hind end lower in the water?



Would it be easier to carry a bowl of hot soup or a glass of cold milk to the table? Why?



Why is it a good idea to write a thank-you note after you have been given a gift?

Name some foods that are easy to find in the summer but are difficult to get in the winter.

Farmer John looked forlornly at his cornfield and said, "The deer are apt to be plumper than we are this winter." What would have made him say that?

What might be the saddest thing about moving to a new house? What might be the happiest thing?

What does it mean to say that a ship is listing? A hen is moulting? A car is skidding? Why do these things happen?

How might life be different if people went to school in the dark of night and slept through the brightness of day?

Illustrated by Jody Taylor

Riddles

1. What do you get when you cross a parrot and a yak?

Che-Che Crizaldo, Philippines

2. Why shouldn't you ever dot another student's i's?

Trey Chapman, Oklahoma

3. What has teeth but never has any cavities?

Courtney Cecil, Virginia

4. What is an alligator's favorite drink?

Michael Wilbanks, Missouri

5. How is food served to the man in the moon?

Andrew Bowers, Illinois

6. Why did the banana go out with the prune?

Lisa Carneal, New Jersey

7. Why don't fleas ever catch a cold?

Casey Bradshaw, North Carolina

8. What did one pencil say to the other pencil?

Michael Henderson, Texas

Answers: 1. A yackety-yak. 2. Because you should keep your sharp, but please get to the point. 3. A comb. 4. Gatorade. 5. In a satellite dish. 6. Because he couldn't get a date. 7. They're always in fur coats. 8. "You're



The **WHY** of Baseball

By Dan Gutman

You might own every baseball card printed since Babe Ruth and know *The Baseball Encyclopedia* by heart. You might even know what Ken Griffey Jr. eats for breakfast. But when it comes to the "why" of baseball, you're probably still a rookie.

WHY are left-handers called "southpaws"?

Back in the days when baseball was played mostly in the afternoon, ball fields were laid out so that the setting sun would not shine in a batter's eyes. For this reason, home plate was positioned to the west. Facing the plate, the pitcher's left hand was on the south side, so left-handed pitchers came to be called "southpaws."

WHY do they call it a "bullpen"?

A tobacco company named Bull Durham used to place billboards in the shape of a bull on the outfield walls of ball parks. Because relief pitchers took their warm-up tosses in the shade of those big Bull Durham signs, the pens they warmed up in became known as "bullpens."

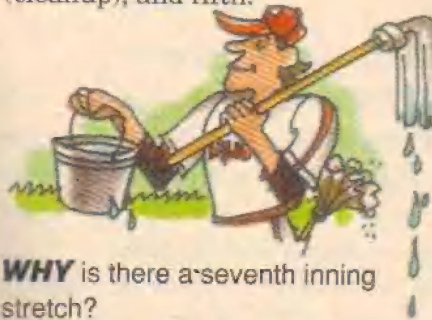


WHY is the pitching mound sixty feet six inches from the plate?

At one time, the mound used to be fifty-five feet from home plate. Then, in the 1890s, a pitcher named Amos Rusie threw the ball so hard that the league decided to move the pitching mound back, so batters would stand a chance of getting a hit.

WHY do home run hitters bat "cleanup"?

Home run hitters have the ability to clear the bases with one swing of the bat. Traditionally, heavy hitters bat third, fourth (cleanup), and fifth.



WHY is there a seventh inning stretch?

According to legend, President William Howard Taft was at a baseball game one day. In the middle of the seventh inning, he got up from his seat. Believing that the President was leaving the ballpark, the people in the stands stood up to show their respect.

But, after stretching his arms and legs, the President promptly sat down again and enjoyed the rest of the game. Since then, audiences have been repeating the performance.

WHY does home plate have five sides?

Originally, home plate was a circle, like a *plate*. In the 1870s it was made into a diamond, like the field. But umpires had a difficult time calling balls and strikes. To correct the problem, one end of the diamond was squared off to create the house (or "home") shape we know today.

WHY do umpires use hand signals for "safe," "out," and "strike"?

About one hundred years ago, there was a deaf ballplayer named William Ellsworth Hoy. Because he couldn't hear the umpire's calls, Hoy had difficulty following the game. To solve this problem, he and his teammates asked the umpires to come up with signals so that Hoy could keep track of what was going on.

It turned out that the signals helped everybody follow the game better, and they became a permanent part of baseball.

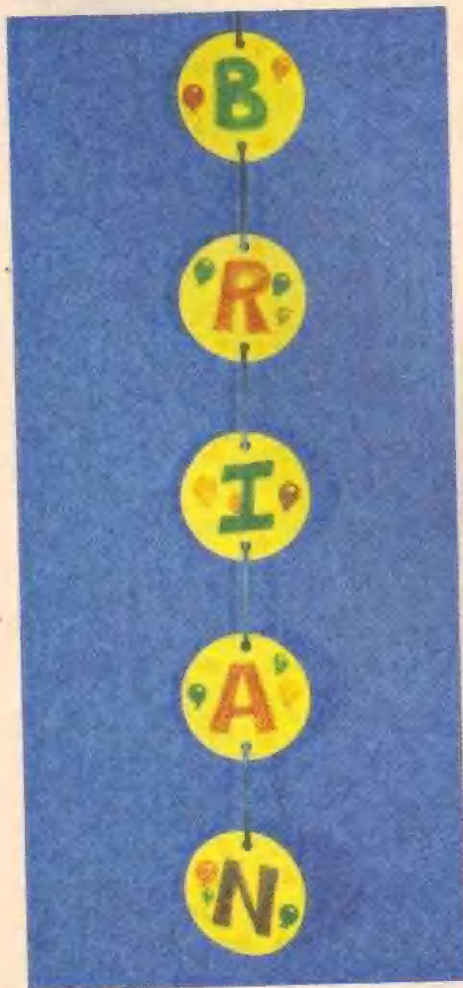


Dan Gutman is the author of Baseball's Biggest Bloopers, Baseball's Greatest Games, and other books on the sport.

Name Wall Hanging

By Kathy Everett

1. Draw circles on a piece of poster board or thin cardboard by tracing around the rim of a plastic drinking cup. Make as many circles as there are letters in your first name.
2. Cut out the circles.
3. Use crayon or marker to write each letter of your name on a circle and to decorate it.
4. Punch holes in the top and bottom of each circle except the last one. Punch a hole in the top of that circle but not in the bottom.
5. To make a hanger, tie a loop in one end of a long piece of ribbon or yarn. Then run the rest of the ribbon or yarn piece through the holes in each circle, one at a time, taping it to the back of each circle as you go.



Three-Cent Slide

By M.L. Zanco

1. Cut a square hole near one end of a long, narrow piece of cardboard or in one side of a cereal box, near the bottom. If using a box, cut off the top flaps. Cut a similar hole an inch or two above the first.
2. Paint or draw numbers near

each hole to award a different number of points for each.

3. Place or stack three pennies on the cardboard or box near the top. Then tip the base down and slide the pennies, trying to drop them through the holes. The player who drops the most coins through the holes after eight tries wins.

You Can Make It!

Stenciled Stationery

By Kathy Fraser

1. To make a stencil, cut away a simple shape, such as a heart or moon, from the middle of a small piece of construction paper.
2. Use crayon to color around the opening of the stencil (where you cut away the shape). Color as hard as you can without ripping the paper.
3. Place the stencil over a piece of plain notepaper or an envelope to be decorated.
4. Press the eraser of a pencil against the crayoned edge of the stencil. Continue pressing as you slide the eraser onto the notepaper. Pick up the eraser, place it against the crayoned edge again, and repeat. Continue pushing color from the stencil to



the notepaper, moving around the stencil carefully.

5. Be sure to clean the eraser by rubbing it on scrap paper before using it again or changing colors.

Goofy Goggles

By Lorri Cardwell-Casey

1. Cut two side-by-side rings from a plastic six-pack beverage holder, leaving the two rings attached to each other. A six-pack holder will make three pairs of glasses.



(If you throw away any of the holder, cut open all of the holes first, otherwise wildlife can get caught and injured in them.)

2. Decorate the glasses with markers, stickers, or paper, or wrap them with yarn or ribbon.

3. Put a chenille stick through each side of the glasses. Fold each chenille stick in half and twist it together. Curve the ends to make the earpieces.

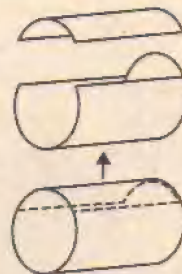


Caddy Cat

By D.A. Woodliff

1. Remove the lid from a small cardboard oatmeal container (or a container of a similar shape with a plastic or cardboard lid).

2. Cut away one third from the side of the container, as shown in the diagram. Do not cut off the bottom of the container.



3. Glue the lid back in place.

4. Glue paper around the container and on the ends. Paint the inside, or cover it with paper.

5. Cut out and glue on paper features, paws, and a tail, to make the container look like a cat or your favorite animal.

6. When the glue has dried, use the container to hold your treasures.

Rope Twist Necklaces

By Virginia Booth

1. Cut four pieces of yarn, each twice the length the finished necklace should be.

2. Tie the yarn pieces together at one end in a half-knot. Just above the knot, tape the yarn securely to the work surface. Set aside a second piece of tape, a few inches long, to be used later.

3. Pick up two of the yarn pieces. Twist them together clockwise. Continue twisting until the yarn is twisted so tightly that it begins to kink. Then tape the end of the twisted cord to the work surface, using the piece of tape you set aside.

4. Repeat step 3 with the two remaining pieces of yarn. When

finished, hold the end of the second twisted cord in one hand. Untape the other cord and hold it in your other hand.

5. Pull the cords to straighten out the kinks. Twist them together *counterclockwise*. Continue until they are tightly twisted.

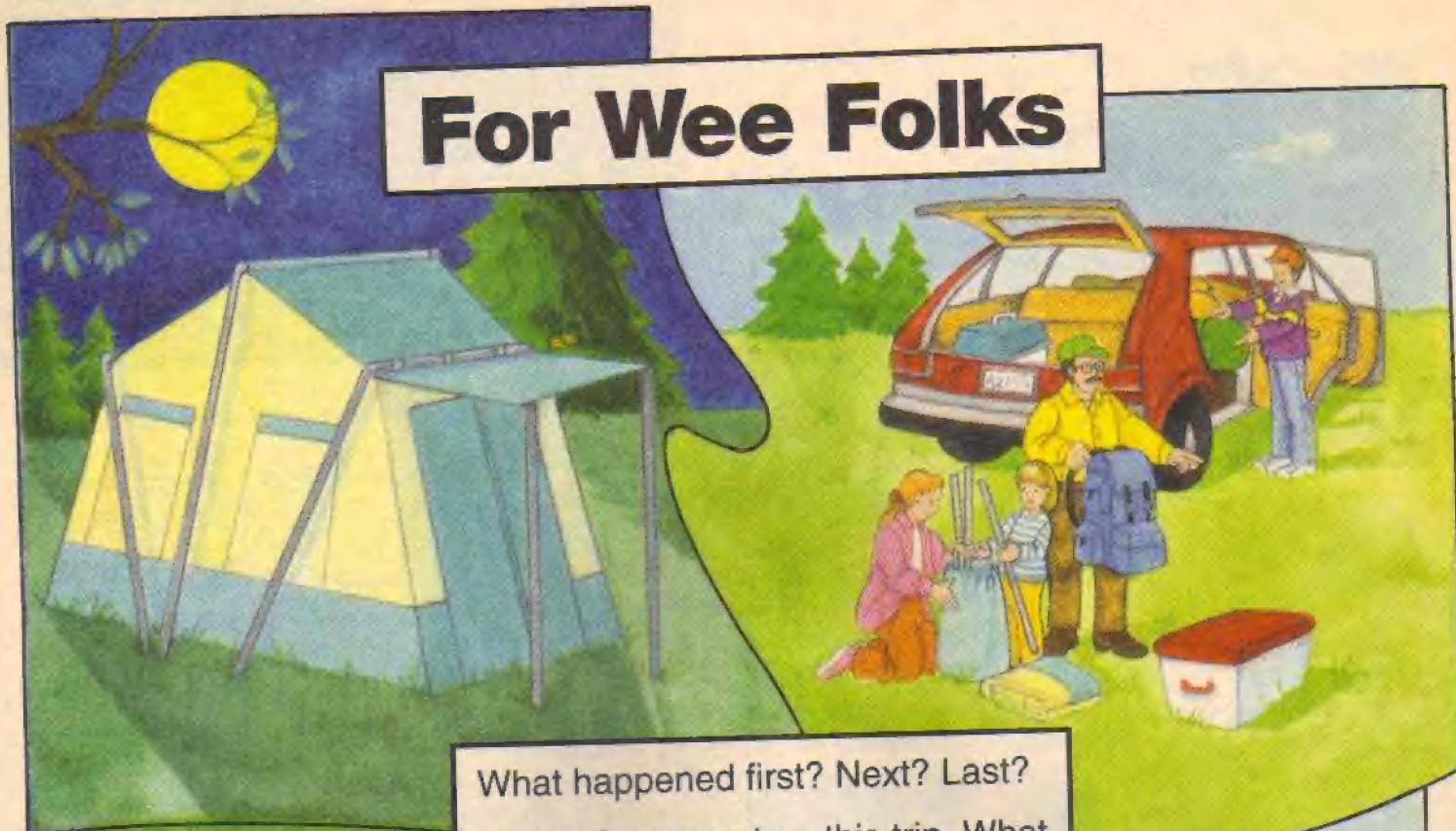
6. Knot the two cords together securely. Then let go of the cords. The necklace will twist and turn a bit as it settles into place.

7. Untape the top of the necklace. Trim the yarn ends at each knot. Tie the necklace into a loop, and it's ready to wear.

8. For variety, make rope twists out of different-colored yarn, add beads, or ask your parents to help you twist a paper clip with pliers to hold a marble in place.



For Wee Folks



What happened first? Next? Last?
Pretend you went on this trip. What
would you tell your friends?



How would you use each of these on a
camping trip? What would happen if you
didn't have them?

In which of the pictures could you put
the deer? Squirrel? Owl? Dog?



"Thanks a lot for inviting me over for a swim, Lew. I never swam in a lake before. What are your family's rules around the water?"

The View from Above

If you looked from above at the objects listed here, which of the shapes below might each one look like?

ball
canoe
spoon
camera
ruler
rowboat
streetlight



ANSWERS:

"Who's on First?" (page 12)

Dawn is the shortstop, since that position is on the same side of the infield as third base (clue 1). Frank is the first baseman, since that is the only position that begins with F (clue 4). Jordan plays second base, since that is the only infield position left (clue 2). That leaves right field for Tasha. Clues 3 and 5 were just for fun.

"Double Take" (page 15)

Plates 3 and 6 match.

"Clive's Dilemma" (page 18)

As the puzzle states in the first line, Clive weighs 220 pounds.



"This is Iowa.
Io is a moon of Jupiter."

Matching

Look at each flower on the left. Find one like it on the right.





How Cats Purr

With their amazing vocal cords, cats can both purr and meow.

By Jack Myers
Senior Science Editor

Cats have been living as our pets for many thousands of years. You might think that we would have learned all there was to know about cats long ago. Not quite. How do cats purr? Until recently that was a mystery.

As far as we know, every kind of cat can purr, even big cats like lions and tigers. Of course you and I—and most animals—can't purr. So how do the cats do it? I found an answer in a recent report written by medical scientists.

When a cat purrs, it seems to vibrate all over. You can feel the purr by putting your hand against

the cat's body. This makes the purr mysterious. Where is it made? Does it come from the throat or from its chest?

By pressing a stethoscope against different parts of the cat's body, the scientists found the greatest vibrations in the throat and right chest (LAR-in-ks), or vocal folds, where the sound is produced. When listening with the stethoscope near different places, they were able to show that the sound comes out mostly from the mouth and nose.

It's no surprise that this should work this way—that's how our voices

work. When we talk, vibrations made in the larynx come out of the mouth as sound. You can feel the location of your larynx: Place your fingers gently against the front of your throat and swallow or speak.

When a person speaks or a cat meows, the sounds start as vibrations of two folds of thin skinlike tissue down in the larynx. These folds, which are also called the vocal cords, make sounds by fluttering or vibrating in the airstream that is forced over them during speaking or meowing. They produce sound in the same way that the strings of a musical instrument do. Even though other animals don't have the gift of speech, many of them can make their vocal folds vibrate to make special sounds.

With its vocal folds, a cat can

They couldn't find a special purring organ, and some of them guessed that muscles in the chest might do the job.

Now we know that both the meow and the purr come from the larynx. But how can the larynx make both sounds? The scientists got clues from the differences between meowing and purring.

The first clue was that cats "speak" (or meow) only when they are breathing out, just as we do. (You can't say words very well when you are breathing in. Try it and see.) But the purr keeps on going whether the cat is breathing in or out.

A second clue was that a purr has a much lower pitch than a meow. The sounds of speaking for both cats and people are made by the vocal folds moving two hundred times a second or faster. But from the sound of purring, scientists know that it is made by something that moves only about twenty-five times a second.

And a purr doesn't change in pitch as a meow does. A meow can start on a high note and end on a lower note. A purr is always about twenty-five vibrations a minute.

Here is the strangest clue. The pitch of purring is almost the same in kittens, house cats, and big cats like cheetahs. But that

Try This

You can use your lips to mimic the vocal folds in making the voice sounds and the purr sounds. Hold your lips together while you blow air out. Your lips will flutter to make what some people call a "raspberry." That's like the vibrations of your vocal folds when you talk.

To mimic the purr, breathe out as you make the *P* sound as fast as you can, like this: *Puh-puh-puh*. That will open and close the air passage to make something like the "motorboat" sound of purring.

seems wrong. If the sound were made by something that vibrates, the pitch should get lower as the cats get bigger. The *gong* of a big bell has a lower pitch than the *tinkle* of a tiny bell, and a lion's "voice" is lower than a kitten's meow. But the lion and the kitten purr at about the same pitch—one with a tiny larynx, and one with a king-of-the-jungle-sized larynx.

One final clue: When a cat purrs, some muscles in the larynx give electric signals that show they are flexing about twenty-five times a second.

So, the secret of purring is this: It is *not* caused by anything that flutters in an airstream. Instead, the moving air is pinched off into many little puffs. When a cat purrs, it has nerve messages coming from the brain to a special

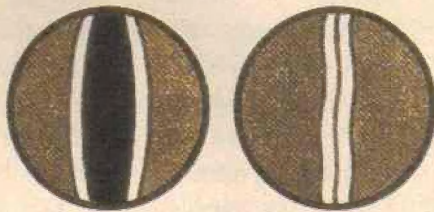
muscle in the larynx. That muscle swings the vocal folds together and almost closes off the air passage. Then the muscle relaxes, and the airway opens again. This pinching-and-relaxing motion, twenty-five times a second, changes the airflow from a steady stream to a *putt-putt-putt*, or *purr*.

The cat's larynx works about the same as yours does. It has muscles that can tighten the vocal folds to change how fast they vibrate as they flutter in the airstream. And, like your larynx, it has a "closing" muscle that can swing the vocal folds together to partly close off the airstream. But the cat has something more that you don't. It has a timer in its brain that can send nerve messages to the "closing" muscle at twenty-five times a second. That's why it can purr.



2. Meowing: The folds are pulled tightly across the opening, where the passing air makes them vibrate to create the meow.

3. Purring: Signals from the brain make the vocal folds move rapidly back and forth between these two positions to chop the airflow, causing a *putt-putt-putt* sound.



Dear Highlights,

To Be a Better Batter



When I have a game (for baseball) sometimes I strike out, and it really feels bad. I feel that everybody is counting on me and I'm not good at batting. My coaches tell me that I am, and I know I am pretty good at it. But how can I get rid of that feeling?

Laura S., Michigan

Realize that you are part of a team. No one person wins or loses the game. Wins and losses are a result of how the whole team works together.

Everyone strikes out sometimes. Even the best professional players only get a hit in one out of three turns at bat. All you or anyone else can ask is that you try.

To help build your confidence, try visualization, a method many professional athletes use. Picture (visualize) the entire process of batting—everything from going up to the plate and positioning your feet to seeing the bat hit the ball and feeling your arms swing through. If you can picture yourself batting successfully, it will be easier to actually do it.

Frequent practice will improve

your batting, too. Listen to your coaches and believe them when they say you bat well. Relax and have fun. That's why you're playing, right?

Friend Gets Teased



I have a friend that everybody laughs at just because she is overweight. How do I stop them from making jokes and stuff about her?

Amanda B., Louisiana

As you know, it's what is inside a person that counts. Some teasers don't understand this.

Maybe you could talk to these kids individually. Without getting angry, let them know that their teasing bothers you and may be hurting your friend. Talking with them may not stop them from picking on her, but it might encourage them to think about the effects their actions have on others.

Your friend likely appreciates that someone cares how she feels. You might suggest to her that she try to ignore teasing remarks. Supporting her is one of the best things you can do. And you will also be setting a good example for others to follow.

Strict Teacher?...



Everybody says my fifth-grade teacher is going to be strict. What should I do?

Clint F., Mississippi

Wait until you have this teacher, then judge for yourself. Your opinion may be different from your friends'.

Teachers, like parents and friends, have different styles and personalities. Try to remember that learning to get along with all kinds of people is a valuable skill. And you may find that a strict teacher runs an orderly and fair class in which you can learn a lot.

Most teachers just want you to listen, do your best, follow rules, and be respectful of others.

My Brother Solution

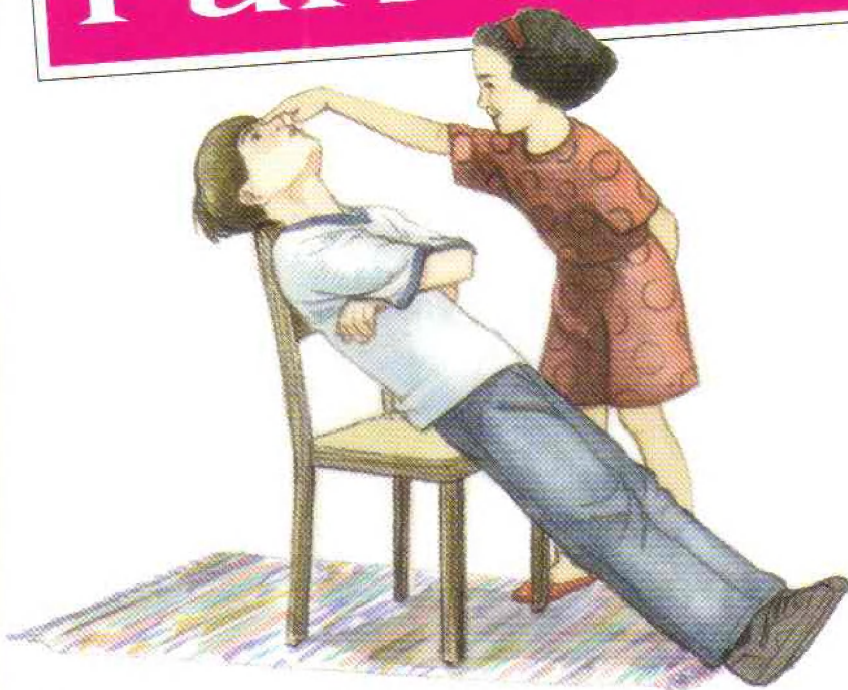
I've put a box in my room full of toys I don't play with. Now my brother can come in and play with them instead of with my toys. It's helping me. It works. My brother hasn't played with my toys.

Leslie G., Washington

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

Dear Highlights
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Physical Fun-ness



● Although it may seem impossible, you can keep a person from rising out of a chair by using just one finger. Have someone stretch far back in a chair, with his arms folded across his chest. His head should be tilted far back, too, and his legs extended straight out in front of him. The heels

of his feet should be touching the floor. He must stay stretched out like this. Press your fingertip against his forehead, and tell him to try to get up from the chair. He may be surprised to find that he can't, as long as you keep your fingertip against his forehead.

● Hold your arms straight out in front of you, about twelve inches apart. With your index fingers pointed at each other, bring the tips together. That's fairly easy. Now close one eye and do it again. Was it as easy? Can you do it with both eyes closed?



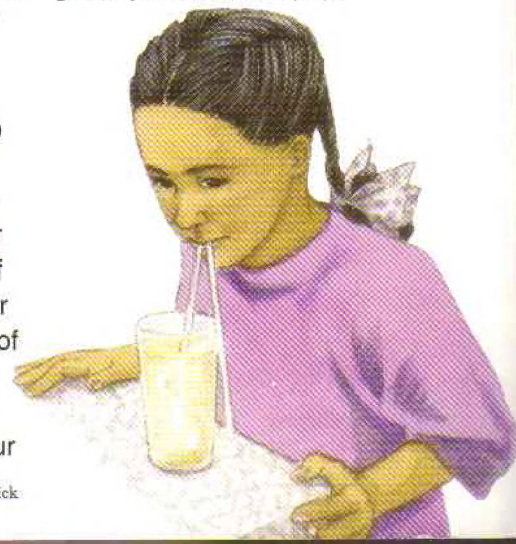
● Tell a friend that you will let her drink your glass of soda pop on one condition: she has to use two straws as you tell her to. Have her put both straws in her mouth; one straw goes into the soda pop while the other one stays outside the glass. Explain to her that she must not put her finger over the bottom end of the straw outside the glass or put her tongue over the end of that straw inside her mouth. Now, tell her to drink all she can. If your friend follows your

● Fold a large piece of paper in half evenly. Now fold it in half evenly again. Continue to fold it in half evenly lengthwise, crosswise, or even on the diagonal. You may be able to fold it as many as seven times, or even eight, but you'll find it impossible to make more than nine folds. That's because you would be trying to crease more than one thousand thicknesses of paper.

● Stand with the right side of your face and the outside of your right leg and foot pressed against a wall. Try to lift your left foot and hold it up without falling over. Can you do it?



instructions, you won't have to worry. She won't be able to get any of the soda pop.



How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

